EARTH'S SILENT VOICES

[illegible]

Tallahassee June 17th 1833

My dear little Horatio

I dont know how to spend a few minutes more pleasant than in chatting with my little Horatio. How are you this fine morning, how do you do & how do you look. I presume very smiling & perhaps eating an apple or singing a song Scots whae hae — I think I hear Mother say little Horatio it is time for you to go to school. But my dear little fellow — you dont know how much your friend Cynthia Ann wants to see you, she could give you some blackberry's which is all the fruit Florida affords at this time we shall very soon have peaches and I have a very pretty little kitten, which I think you would like if you were here or a little striped pig. — Now I think I see that little fat face turn away & say, we have plenty of prettier things in Philadelphia — I would not wish to go back to that desolate Florida for any of their fine things — but nevermind perhaps, I will come & see you some of these days, — and now for the present farewell — give my love to your dear Mother.

Your affectionate friend

Cynthia Ann Hayes

P. S

Kiss little Thomas for me, and hug him well

MOORE, HEYL & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF
HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

Sept 18 - 1848

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the horrors at your absence, I wish I could go
where and stay a week, and then return and
have all my friends tell me they missed me,

Mr Horatio Baldwin
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania

Cynthia Ann Hayes
June 17, 1853,

MOORE, HEYL & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF
HARDWARE & CUTLERY,
No. 139 Market Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Marmaduke Moore,
Theodore C. Heyl,
Francis Heyl.

direct letters to
care of

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Philada Sept 18 - 1848

Dear Baldwin

I received your letter last Wednesday and should have acknowledged it immediately, but being in arrears with several of my friends concluded to defer it until Sunday and cancel all my obligations in that line at once, but with Sunday came some half dozen friends and knocked all my arrangements into a cocked hat, so I intend devoting this morning to the pleasing duty of answering my old friends, and among them yourself first — I am glad to hear you are likely to succeed in your new business, and congratulate you that the most indispensable article called Money is still seen occasionally in N. York, but by all thats Democratic! in that city of Theatres, Operas, & and pretty women I am afraid yourself and Fred will cause a few of it to disappear but enjoy yourself while you have the opportunity, for York is a wicked place and that slight attack of Fever and Ague it had the other day, is perhaps but the premonitory symptoms of a worse disease, as regards money here, it is most devilish scarce, and I find that the only way to appreciate that 'necessary evil' is to be without it for a while, somebody (was it Shakspeare or Henry B Hirst) has said 'when money goes before, all ways lie open' and I suppose you find the truth of the sentiment in being able to bargain for a 'Cream' attending all the Operas &c &c Our musical season opens here this evening by a Grand Promenade Concert in aid of the Mu. Fund Orchestra, at which according to the papers

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where and stay a week, and then return and
have all my friends tell me they missed me,

all the beauty and fashion of the City are expected to be present, of course, I shall have to raise the needful and be one of the admirers. In regard to Henry B's Opera I have heard nothing further of it and am rather inclined to think the Gentleman has turned Philanthropist and will not inflict the Community with any thing so much to be deplored. The belles have returned from their tour among the peasantry of our state in Good health and highly gratified with every thing and every body, I can not find words my dear fellow, to express to you the astonishment depicted on their lovely countenances when they were informed that yourself and Fred had deliberately left Philada without even calling to say Good bye, of course you know, what to expect when you meet your neglected female friends — Wm Hires is well and I believe driving a good business he sends his best regards — luck &c &c

But how are the political prospects in that part of the Country have the people yet awakened to a sense of their danger, have they come to the conclusion that their only hope of salvation lies in the election of Cass, if not what a harvest of old Coats and Jewelry the Pawnbrokers will gather in next November — for myself — my mouth already waters in anticipation of that glorious Beefe & Oyster and I consider myself extremely lucky in having made my bets with those who have a reputation for paying their debts ———

You do not say how you are pleased with N. York but I suppose you hardly know yet, as that matter will probably be decided by success in business, Good luck in worldly matters will generally make a person contented wherever his lot may be cast, but one thing I am certain of you will find no friends in New York warmer or more sincere in their attachment than those you have left behind you in Old Philadelphia, and I beg you will not allow the cares of business, prosperous or not as it may be, to drive from your memory the Richardsons, the Wells and a host of others who will always be glad to hear from you or see you—

I should be happy to have you make 258 Cherry St your home during your visit, for though Cherry St is not celeb for its wines yet the inhabitants of said Street Know to cook such fancy articles as Roast beef & Potatoes, to say nothing about throwing in occasionally a cup of 'green tea' or Coffee, if you can exist on such little matters you shall always be welcome to a seat at the 'round table'—

Give my best respects to Fred, and keep an eye on him for you know Fred is "good looking and sings" tell him I should be pleased to have a letter from him— If I can do any thing for you here at any time command me

Yours truly
A. S. Richardson

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the horrors at your absence, I wish I could go some where and stay a week, and then return and have all my friends tell me they missed me,

A. Richardson
Nov 18th/1848

H. A. Baldwin Esq

SEP

391 6th Avenue
near 24th st
New York

Philada Oct 18th 1848

Fr Baldwin

Talk of your French Revolutions no more, be silent oh ye friends of Italy and Pio ix, and thou oh Potatoe loving Ireland be mum, a greater and more wonderful revolution than all these has taken place, Whiggery and its attendant evils sits triumphant in high places, and we the unterrified have been most indisputably "lammed" but the Ides though come are not yet past, the seventh of Nov. still remains and we yet may succeed, though I must confess since the old Keystone has played us such a scurvy trick there is no telling what the other bricks may be guilty of — but to other subjects — news, I have none to give you, Politics, Opera, and occasionally a robbery or murder making up the sum total of our city gossip. Elopements are becoming quite the rage, even where the consent of the parents could be easily obtained, it is considered much more romantic to run off and fool the old 'uns, Miss Carlisle of Cherry st, a daughter of Picot the Frenchman, and a niece of the Rev. Mr Cuyler, who eloped with a seedy member of the Italian opera company are a few instances of the spread of this fashionable amusement in Philada. That Arch humbug the Franklin Institute opened yesterday with the poorest display I have ever seen, and will no doubt absorb all the outsiders, that is those who do not attend the opera or Theatre, and are fools enough to think they can see anything new at the Institute. I have this moment received two letters from a friend in Mexico to whom I sent about

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P.S. Give my you best respect to fr. fisher

Traubel

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the horrors at your absence, I wish I could go somewhere and stay a week, and then return and have all my friends tell me they missed me,

Three hundred dollars worth of goods last May, he had by some means formed the opinion that if he had about a Thousand Dollars worth of goods, he could sell them and realize 300 a 400 perct profit, he accordingly invested that much in Philada, and St. Louis and now finds that instead of an immense profit he is not able to get the first cost for his goods, which has so disgusted him that he has pulled up stakes and is about making tracks for the U. S. satisfied no doubt that "a Fish having a long tail does not necessarily become a rat" disapointments forever, the old people tell us that disapointments in life are always for our good, as teaching us that we should not place too much reliance in affairs of this world, all very good no doubt but when these same disapointments are the means of taking the last copper a poor devil has, the good becomes very questionable in my mind, — For your kind wishes in regard to my health I owe you one, I am on the mend now though by no means well, and although I received your letter a week ago have not felt able to answer it until to-day — by the bye, while writing a few lines above I was thinking how devilishly *disapointed* I should feel, were I able to go to bed and obtain a good nights rest, for I am not yet so fortunate — but patience — patience Job had patience, but it is matter of some doubt whether the good old man Job ever had the asthma, if he had not what degree of patience shall we give him credit for? now, theres an "egg for your hen of reverie" solution in your next — How is Fred has he forgotten that such an individual exists, or is trying to

as Nat Richardson, if he has not, tell him to shake off for an hour all thoughts of the Almighty Dollar, sit down, and cooly, deliberately, and with friendship aforethought write me a letter, news or no news, tell him to act on the principle of his friend Baldwin and write for "Auld lang syne" next to a shake of the hand I prize a letter, and whenever I receive or write one, I must say I feel grateful to that old gentleman, (one Cadmus I believe) who invented the Alphabet, and to all others who have enabled us to make our thoughts legible– You still hold on to Macready, we are anxiously awaiting him here, the account you speak of – his reception I had the pleasure of reading in the Herald, it was very well written the Herald often amuses me by its criticisms, one written a few days ago was very good in which he speaks of Brooks, the Editor of the Express, who is a candidate for Congress after saying that he is deficient in intellect, wanting in originality, and in fact deficient in every thing necessary to make a good Editor, he very coolly says he is good enough to go to Congress, would make a good change, and sundry other things equally complimentary to the M. Cs. But to be a little personal, your Female friends are all well as far as I am acquainted though rather indignant at your slighting them on your last visit to this city. Wm. Hines is well and sends respects – Nothing doing in the way of business, and a great many failures in Market st.
Family all send respects to you and Fred

Ever your Friend
Nat

N.B. Give ~~my~~ you best respect to fr. fisher
Traubel

the horrors at your absence, I wish I could go somewhere and stay a week, and then return and have all my friends tell me they missed me,

Jas. Richardson
Oct 18th 1848

Phila Nov. 14th 1848.

Dear Baldwin.

About ten minuts ago I received your letter and I hasten to answer your question. The next ball and concert of the Maennerchor will take place at the 20th of this month, and If you will attend to it, which would please us verry much, You have no time to lose in coming here.

I have seen Mr. Backmeister who was here a couple of days and Mr. Fisher, who brought the best news from you and his childern, and if it causes me pleasure if I hear that every one succedes in business, it gives me double pleasure to hear that you and your partner, my friends, succeed so well.

I see you „in my minds eye" ridiculing my bad writings; but if you hear that I write in a cold, a very cold room, that my fingers are stiff of cold, and that I cant afford to buy stonecoals to warm my room, your sarcastic smile will change in a mien of compassion. But in spite of all adverse fate I shall not cease to be devoted to my friends amongst which I count You

Traubel

B. Give my best respect to Mr. Fisher

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the horrors at your absence, I wish I could go somewhere and stay a week, and then return and have all my friends tell me they missed me,

M. Frankel
Nov — 1848

H. N. Baldwin Esq
391 6th Avenue
New-York.

Philada Decr. 13th. 1848

Dear Baldwin —

Your welcome letter arrived safely at 139 yesterday morning, And found me over head and ears in that most delectable job of taking stock, which in a Hardware Store I can assure you is not to be spoken lightly of, I shall however snatch a few moments this morning and devote them to the always pleasant duty of writing to a friend, and first of all I will commence by answering your questions — As regards the Election and the Asthma, I have nearly recovered from both, that is, I have paid the most of my bets, and obtained another allowance of breath, and by Christmas I hope I shall have the satisfaction of being entirely recovered from those two afflictions, either of which God knows is annoying enough — the next, why have I stood on etiquette? I flatly refuse to answer, why my dear boy that question to *me* was as ridiculous as would be the act of a deaf man listening to the ticking of a *sun* dial — it is a word the meaning of which I know not as relating to my friends — but I forgive you — So you have the Cholera in New York — pax vobiscum — ye unlucky wights, first an Earthquake — now the Cholera — what next? will you never take warning and reform the evil of your ways? but alas we too have a plague in our midst, yclept the California Fever, the only cure for which is Gold in large doses, and which I have no doubt will carry off many more than the Cholera — The El Dorado of our forefathers

T. S. Richmond Jr

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personage at New-York, since "every body has had the horrors at your absence," I wish I could go somewhere and stay a week, and then return and have all my friends tell me they missed me, is discovered at last, but Oh Jove! who would have dreamed that its location was in California, a territory acquired under the beneficent rule of Jas. K. Polk the magnificent, truly wonders will never cease, the next thing to astonish our weak nerves will no doubt be the discovery of the Fountain of life and everlasting youth, whose waters bottled up would doubtless bring more than the best Farina. (If my letter is unintelligible dont blame me, for I am in the midst of a perfect Bedlam, I scarcely know what I am about, Oh Susanna, Uncle Ned, and occasionally a nigger dance in all its ferocity being continually performed over my head by the boys) The Opera disturbance you speak of was decidedly rich, but we are in a perfect quandary here as to whom to believe, Benedetti or Fry, both have made their statements and both differ, perhaps you can enlighten us, a detachment of the troupe is performing here, with what success I have not heard, the only thing in the shape of a Concert I have yet heard was one given by the Wilson Quartette Company, and which was only passé as Monsieur has it. If Ernani is produced here I shall endeavour to profit by your advice and hear it, although I intend keeping in doors at night for the most of the winter, I have not had the pleasure of reading Hyperion as a whole, I read an extract a short time ago, and must say I was not much pleased with it, the phraseology in particular struck me as being most damnable — but it is high treason to dislike any thing of Longfellows and it has always been my intention to procure the poem and read it through — I shall now certainly do it, and give you my humble opinion in my next – I suppose you have kept pace with the Fanny Butler case, especially as the Herald of your city published a fuller account than even our own papers, it is the general opinion even of his own friends, that Pierce will not succeed in obtaining a divorce, poor devil, he certainly is in a bad predicament, united to a being who at least in disposition & character is a threefold Hermaphrodite Man, woman, & Devil, Tria juncta in uno. I appreciate your kind wish to be sitting over a glass of Porter with me, but as to the 'classical rooms' of "Engle & Wolf" I owe you one for that – I never shall forget the first and I believe only time I ever visited that place, it was a very warm night, during the summer months, myself with three others dropped in, and before rising from my chair I had drank five mugs full of beer, and it strikes me they must hold about a pint, I became very fond of it and now like it as well as ale, but that night I think I saw the most original set of human beings I ever saw assembled in one place, there they were from the boisterous Knight of the sledge, to the sober and meditative philosopher, and such a Babel, it appeared to me that every one was talking and no one listening – I occasionally meet one of the concern with his rubicund face but have not been there since – I sympathise with you for the disappointment you experienced the night before leaving our city, I refer to Ikelheimer's concert, as I understand there were only about sixty persons present and they returned the money, you will probably recollect what I told you Ben Cross predicted in regard to it, he would have saved money

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personage at New York, since "every body has had the horrors at your absence," I wish I could go somewhere and stay a week, and then return and have all my friends tell me they missed me, and the mortification he experienced had he taken Ben's advice. Bill Hines was well the last time I saw him and will doubtless keep his promise that is, if as you say, his time is not too much occupied with the women. Christmas is hard on us again, and things begin to brighten up, people to throng the streets as usual at night &c &c Though not disposed to moralize as you are aware, yet I am always sorry when this season of festivity comes around, and it almost seems to me that it comes much oftener than it ought to, but we must all grow old, and if we have an extra gray hair to commemorate each Christmas I suppose it is all for the best, and then to be worldly, the (to a famished pocket) endless array of Tailor bills, Boot bills, &c &c which are presented at that season, of the year make up the reality of the picture, and "a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream" visions of roast goose and Turkey vanish like mists before a summer sun, and give place to sober realities not quite so pleasant it is true, but perhaps equally as profitable. But you are already half asleep over my letter, and I am afraid nothing but old acquaintance sake prompts you to read it through, so I will e'en draw to a close not by wishing you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year, for that you are morally certain of, but with a wish that the success and happiness of yourself and Fred in life may be just as great as that I could wish for one N. S. Richardson, and by the mass, that is no slight wish for you know by experience we are not in the habit of wishing ourselves miserable —

Ever Yours Nat

Phila Dec 1st 1848

Dear Rasch

'Tis just 12 o'clock, the usual dinner hour in this our city of Brotherly love, (not amongst the élite I grant you) and I am seated at my desk, where you last saw me trying to think of something of interest to write to my kind friend in New-York.

Your very, very nice letter I received on Monday last, and great was my surprise and joy at the sight thereof, Em told me you intended to write but I thought you would have so many business affairs to attend to on your return home, that I should not hear from you for a week at least. I feel very happy to day, I don't know why, for I have nothing to make me feel so any more to day than at any other time, but so it is with me, sometimes I am dull, and unhappy, when I have every thing to render me quite the reverse, and merry and glad when sorrows surround me is'nt it often the case with yourself? No methinks I hear you answer Minnie I'm not quite so much of a chameleon, as you~~rself~~.

I'm sorry dear Rasch that you don't like the city in which you live at present, but I guess you will not have to spend many years of your life in it, I hope not at least, and then how delightful it will be to return to the midst of those whom you love, and by whom you are loved to live permanently.

You must indeed be quite an important personage at New York, since "every body has had the horrors at your absence", I wish I could go somewhere and stay a week, and then return and have all my friends tell me they missed me,

and felt dull, and miserable, during my absence
why I'm sure I'd never want to leave them again,
or feel as I now very frequently do as if I was of
no consequence at all. O this having a good conceit
of one's self is very fine don't you think so dear
Horatio and generally very prevalent among us
persons of _small_ stature.

That tall gentleman after whom
you inquired so particularly is well, and desired
me to remember him to you when I wrote, you say
you'd like to see him well for your sake particular-
-ly I wish you could, but tell isn't it on accoun
of his very striking resemblance to a near relativ
he has, that you are so anxious for the inter-
-view, (now dont blush dear Rasch) do you still thin
that lady very pretty?, as you once told me, or doe
she seem to have grown handsome since your departur
from our good city?

I havn't seen Ginnie since I
received your letter, indeed I very seldom see her
~~month~~ more than once or twice a month, she very
rarely visits me, her time is so much taken up
with her numerous lovers. I shall give her your
love however as soon as I do see her. I told Em
what you said about her not caring about your
love, and she seemed to say by her manner that
you were much mistaken. I intend to steal her
portfolio one of these days, and then I shall see
whether there is not a _little_ love sent in one ~~of~~ or
more of those numerous letters, which she has re-
-ceived from a certain gent in New York.

And now
dear friend Rasch, I believe I have nothing
more to say, indeed when I read over what I

have already written, I find it all amounts to little more than nothing and did I not know that I was writing to one who will overlook my many faults I should destroy this wretched epistle at once, and merely add a postscript to Ginnie or Em's letters.

And now I must say farewell dear friend, answer this, that is if you think it worthy of an answer and believe me ever your

sincere friend.

Minie Fuegel.

Miſs M. Fogel
Dec 1st 1848

Dear Rasch   Philadelphia Dec 18th /48

'Tis a beautiful clear day, and almost as mild as in the month of May; for almost a week we have had I believe only *two* clear days, so you know we have learned by this time to value them more than when they continue for two, or three weeks in succession; how beautiful the sun looks breaking through the dark clouds, and the blue sky too looks if possible a thousand times bluer, than when we last gazed upon it, 'tis good for us I think very good to have a week or even more than a week, of such weather as we have just passed through, even without considering how much good it does to the earth, for it leads many of us who probably never would reflect on the subject at all, to think of "Him who feeds the just and the unjust, and who sendeth his rain on the evil, and the good."

I'm very sorry that you can't grow to like the city in which you now reside any better, but I think you *do* like it a little better than you did, for you write as if you were contented, al*most* happy and if that be the case what matters it where our lots are cast, what city we are living or at least sojourning in, for a short space of time, you can hope and doubtless *do* that in the future which always looks bright to us, you will be able to return to your native city and spend the rest of your life among those who are near, and dear to you. Hope, what would you do dear Rasch without — what would *I* do without it we would be the most wretched human beings imaginable. O how often I feel when engaged in school (especially if my pupils are refractory, and disobedient) as if I was completely disheartened, and ready to give up in despair when in an instant the future even though far in the distance ~~would~~ will rise before me presenting such a bright, and glowing picture of happiness, and freedom from the close, and disagreeable school room, that I would instantly return to my duties with redoubled vigor.

I must beg ten thousand pardons for that passage in my former epistle, which you object to, when I wrote it, I intended it of course for myself, as well as you, but I assure you I shall not again trouble you so dear Rasch.

Do not again call your letters tiresome, they are just the very kind I love to read, your ideas of happiness I like very much and agree with you in thinking that true happiness can only flow from a "never dying spirit of benevolense, and a desire to do good to all around us."

Wm desired to be remembered to you, he is expecting a letter from you, I believe Em said you intended writing to him, I very seldom have an opportunity of writing when he is with me so he will have to write you a letter himself.

Em was at our house last evening she is very well and sent her love. O I do wish dear Rasch that you could come on and spend Christmas week with us, only think our school closes on Friday next the 23rd inst and we have no school again untill Jan 2nd, isn't it too nice to think of do try and come on as soon as possible and join in the joys and merriment occasioned by the return of our yearly holiday.

For fear that I may not see you before our holidays
I now wish you a very, very, happy Christmas, as
happy as you can be absent from all your friends
here, and do sincerely hope that the close of the
year 1849, may find you in the midst of us
all the gayest of the gay.

Your affectionate friend
Minie Friegel

M. Field
Dec 18th 48

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Mr H. N. Baldwin
391 Sixth Avenue
New York

Phila Jan 16/49

Dear Rasch

I spent last evening with Em, and as she was then writing to you, I thought it would be a very good opportunity for me to do likewise, so I commenced but could not proceed, I know not why, and was obliged to defer it till to day. I was very glad to hear from you so soon after your departure, I *did* indeed think you would have called on me, befoe you left, but I know you had numerous engagements, and many other friends to visit, so I was obliged to be contented with *one short* evening of your agreeable company.

What a fine rain we have had since Saturday, it has cleared all the ice, and snow, from our pavements, and crossings, and made the walking very good again; this morning the air is quite keen, it's just the kind of a day to make your cheeks, and nose rosy, and fill you with new life and vigor as you hurry along over the icy streets, O I love such mornings that is if I feel in a good humour as I do to day.

Do you know the Bellingham's Rasch, I think you do Sarah you are aware married Ned Hopper whom you so *much* admire well she is at present insane, I believe no one knows the cause but they think it produced by worriment of mind,

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inclined to be very talkative.

the physician thinks it religious excitement, she has been raving now for a week she is so strong that no one but Ed can manage her, on Saturday she was weaker than before, so they got along with her rather better, they thought of taking her to the Hospital at West Philadelphia but I believe have since changed their minds. I feel very sorry for the family who are very much distressed about her, but I hope she will soon recover, I dare say she will for none of the family were ever so affected before. I'm astonished to think you have never yet sought the company of any of the fair sex, in your large city I dare say you would find as many if not more, pretty, and agreeable, ladies there than here, that is, if you sought their society unprejudiced by former opinions.

Why do you say dear friend that Wm Gardner's staying out late, is a subject that concerns *you* nearly? pray explain yourself, another thing how do you know he keeps bad hours? I fear you must have been at his home on his return to it, if so pray which is the most to blame? ponder these questions over in your mind and answer them as you think proper when you next write to me. I feel glad to hear you say you enjoy your visits to our city so much, but perhaps it would be better if you did not, for it would ma you learn to love the city of your present sojourn better, it must indeed be very gratifying to receive the warm welcome of old, and long tried friends, and to feel that we are not yet forgotten, and then to see no perceptible change in those around you, O it almost repays you I imagine for your long, long absence. Many, many thanks, for the kindness of your last letter would that I could receive many such, be assured they are always very welcome, to

Your ever dear friend
Minie Triegel

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M. Figel
Jany 16 1849

Phil^a Jan. 28^t 1849.

Dear Baldwin!

Do you think I would pass by such a good opportunity
to write to you, as you pased by one to see your old friend ? No!
You are greatly mistaken. That reason, you came in this city and did
not come to see me, I believe I could well divine, and
therefore I owe you some satisfaction. On the last
Maennerchor — ball you offered me kindly an introduction
to your two fine young ladies, and I, like a wild
bear of the wilderneſs, refused to be introduced. I saw
you turning your back to me, as if offended,
and you would have the greatest reason to be
so, if as an old friend, I did believe myself deprived
of all claims of your indulgence. The whole day
preceding the ball I was in such a bad mood, that —
I was entirely unfit for society. Circumstances, —
and you, an experienced man in the wild storms
of life, will know, how many arrive to put
one totaly out of humor, — I say circumstances
played me at that period such devilish tricks
which made me hate pleasure in such a manner
that I regarded every enjoyment with an eye
of contempt, and the best thing I could have
done would be, to go, immediately after the concert
was over, — to bed. For two hours, after the
concert was over, I was sitting down stairs in
the office, smoking my ill-humor into the
air, all alone, till some friends draged me out of
my voluntary prison and I went ~~of~~ it into the
ball room. Here, in the midst of pleasure and
delight which surrounded me, I was standing, a for
subject, the scorne of the sixth day of creatio
and in this state of mind you found me t
duce me to your ladies! If, at other times, I am
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were all dull that evening, seemed
inclined to be very talkative.

until here I come to beg your pardon. After all; if young ladies, full of life, go to a ball, they want to enjoy themselves, and what ~~enjo~~ pleasure could they derive from the acquaintance of a man, who in the first place don't ~~d~~ dance, and in the second, lookes a scarce and stiff as a monk. A usual, our foolishness give room to better senses when it is too late, and so I am now sorry about it. Oh fools that we are! once we believe we arrived at a point of view, from where we are able to regard every thing with eye of a philosopher whom nothing inimical could touch, and yet, the least trifling makes us a moment misanthroph, a fool, a creature who is not more the image of god than I am the image of Hercules. Weakness is born with us and weakness accompanies us to the grave!

We have lately opened a subscription list for a fancy-ball, which shall take place in a couple a weeks. As a proof of your forgiveness you will subscribe to that ball, nd as soon as we Know what e day ~~the ball~~ it will take ace, I will write to you and want fail to be here.

Finally I hope to receive an answere from you, and expect you will introduce me, when you come here again to the young ladies, as I am now in a better mood.

I am always
Your
true
friend

M H Traubel
199 Pine St

February the 4th

From the date at the beginning of this letter you can see how long ~~this le~~ it is written last week I was waiting for fr. fischer but he did not call at my place of residence any more, meanwhile I called twice at his house but could never meet him. Give him my best respect and ask him why he grew so cold. I regard you as a subscriber t list for the fancy ball, which come of at the 23d of this I hope to see you there. –

seemed
inclined to be very talkative.

2 Pl d Spm
1 Burked
Jn Kettle 37
Cover

R. Baldwin Esq
New York

Philadelphia Feb 23rd 1849

Dear friend Rasch

Here am I seated at my desk once more, to write to you away off in New York, I feel quite blue as the men folks say from the effects of a holiday yesterday, which you know was the birth day of the great, and good, Washington "the father of his country" as I used in by-gone school days to write in my copy book. I spent yesterday with friend Em, who lives in 12th St near Brown, she was very well and was quite busy in the morning making pies, in which interesting occupation, your letter found her, Wm went to the door when the letter boy knocked and brought in the letter, which he opened and sat down to read, as we thought, "O give it to me said Em" "no I shall do no such thing he answered" it's for me not you "O mercy" was E's reply" that's strange I've got none", at last when he had worried her for 2, or 3, seconds he yielded up the precious document, and I only wish you had been in the corner of that kitchen, to have seen the "change which came o'er the spirit of Em's dream", (I quote from your favorite you perceive) she instantly dropped her rolling pin, and without wiping any of the flour, or dough, from her hands, seated herself, and seemed as eager to devour the contents, of your epistle as though she had not heard from you for a year: Wm and I had a hearty laugh, which Em did not mind at all, but after she had perused her letter, she folded it up, and put in her

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pleasure of an introduction to him, on Sunday night week he was rather quiet I thought but we were all dull that evening, and none of us seemed inclined to be very talkative.

pocket, and resumed her baking, with a very very happy face. I have been thus explicit dear Rasch that you may know how very, very, welcome all your letters, are in the Neighbourhood of 12 and Brown.

I suppose you know Rose is home, I called there on Friday to see Ginnie, and what was my joy, and surprise, to see Rose seated in the rocking chair looking just as pretty, and interesting, as before she left us. O I do love Rose, indeed it seems to me no one could help loving her, she seems very glad to be home again, in the midst of those from whom she has been separated for the last 4 months, I cannot realize that she has been married so short a time, as three, or 4 months it appears to me more like a year, don't you wish it was to happen over again? we all enjoyed ourselves so much.

Speaking of enjoyment we had a very nice time at Gin's at the supper, which you have already heard of~~f~~, we did miss you very much, but we drank a toast to your memory, as well as to all the rest of our dear absent friends your brother seemed to enjoy himself, he reminds me very much of you especially when he converses, your voices are so much alike, that if I had not seen him and known you were absent, I should have been certain it was your own dear self. I believe they intend having another soirée during Rose's stay, and then you will be sure to be present.

I hope your cold is better, that Tyler grip must be a dreadful thing from accounts, I have never been troubled with it and hope I shall not, do be careful of yourself and wear plenty of warm clothing, for you know good people are very scarce.

I did not receive but one Valentine which is a miserable attempt at rhyme. I think, I'll send you a copy so that you may judge for yourself.

Miss Fiegel I'll make you the theme of a rhyme,
To be taken by you as a Valentine;
If aught you can see in it but good will,
Your head deserves to be taken for swill,

A lady of good manners, not tall, nor slim,
With a tongue in her head that goes blim-blim, blim:
Her beaux is a tailor of much renown,
Who lives in 12th St not far from Brown.

Bill Gardner is a mighty fine fellow,
Some people, though, think him a little mellow;
With arms quite long with legs still longer,
Wo to the man that provokes his anger.

Say Bill and Will is it not most time for you;
To leave off courting and buckle on the shoe;
For in matrimony they say there's bliss,
Come my love to my arms and take a kiss,

I have appealed with force thus to you both,
Fearing to pop the question Bill might be loath,
For I'd like to see, laying jokes aside,
Bill and Willamina fair groom and bride.

pleasure of an introduction to him, on Sunday night week he was rather quiet I thought but we were all dull that evening, and none of us seemed inclined to be very talkative.

Dont you think it's sublime, I'm fond of receiving Valentine
but not such wretched scrawls as this.

When 4 or 5

short weeks have rolled away, I suppose we will se
you once more in our midst making merry, you must
try to get here before Rose leaves which she intends to do
in about 6 weeks I believe, but not to return to Jersey-
-Shore they think of going someplace, near Tamaqua,
where George thinks he can do better. I shall remembe
you to all your friends here as soon as I see them, an
now I must bid you "Adieu but not forever".

Your affectionate frien
Minie Fiegel.

Minie Fiegel
Feb 23d 1849

Philadelphia March 12th

Ti's just 6 o'clock friend Rasch and my toils and troubles are over for another day, and I am seated at the table talking to you away off in New York, are you most tired of waiting for an answer? your letter you know was only sent four weeks since, well if you're tired of expecting it, just take the advice of the old darkey preacher, "Don't never spect nothing, cause then you aint gwaine to be disappointed". you are very much mistaken when you say I owe you more than one letter, indeed I only owe you one, I always replied to all your interesting epistles except the one before this last, but as you say I hate to talk of our correspondence as if we were traders, so no matter if you never write me another letter, I shall write to you as often as I think I can send you any thing of interest, or any piece of news which you'll be glad to hear. Shall I tell you how I've been spending my time lately, well on Wednesday last which was an awful day here, the rain falling in torrents the whole day, I attended the funeral of a very dear friend Mrs Edwin Hughes, who died on Sunday night leaving a husband and five small children, last Tuesday evening I spent at Em's, and then we scandalized every body and every thing, on Thursday evening I went to Barnum's to the opera of Cinderella, it is

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very well suited for children, I think consequently my great self was not very well pleased. Saturday evening I spent at Piers' with Ginnie, Em, George, Harry, and Mrs P, but we were very very dull partly on account of the recent death which has occurred, and of which I suppose you heard. Gin I think grows prettier as she grows in years, she looks very well in her mourning dress, I wonder much at the bad taste of the male sex that none of them fall in love with her, perhaps I wonder for naught, for some may have proposed and been refused, but one thing I feel sure of, that Ginnie is still "fancy free" she must be hard to please, for there are Mr Hubbard, George, Harry, Jim, and a host of others who visit her very frequently. You ask me how many serpris parties I have been at, why no less than four; and I expect to go on another to morrow night. I have not see Connor since the evening Em and I were at Barnum's, nor do I care to see him again, for I was not very much pleased then, little as I know about good playing it did not seem to me that any of Barnum's performers were good, except Mr Goodale, who is the principal character in the Drunkard, which they played there for about 5 or 6 weeks in succession, and also is the prince in Cinderella. I must not forget to tell you of the marriage of your favorite Miss Adaline Young, she was married about a month since to Mr David Warner and is now living in Wood St. below 13th, a great many more of my acquaintances have been following Miss Adaline's example but I believe you don't know any others. Harry Tripler is going to California in a short time why, or wherefore I know not, I think him very foolish for he has a very good situation here, and they seem to live very handsomely, and be very happy together (he and his wife I mean) but I suppose he has a desire to gain more of this world's goods, together, even though he must go so far and run so much risk, perhaps he may never live to reach the regions of gold or if he does the climate may prove fatal to him as it has to hundreds of others, I know if he were my husband I'd never consent to part with him, and if he were really determined to go I'd say in the language of faithful Ruth "Where thou goest I will go". Speaking of California reminds me of the death of Mr Simpson, brother to the girls who visit Piers' and one of whom you so much admired, the first time you met, I think I can see you know holding a long and interesting debate, with Miss Sarah on the folly of knitting lace, she considered it quite economical, or rather a very useful employment, while you strove to convince her it was a great waste of time; their brother arrived at California with a fever and no sooner had he reached there than he went into the consumption, and died they also heard that he was $60 dollars in debt notwithstanding he had taken $500. with him, when he

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set out. Do let this be a warning to you dear Rasch not to think of following his example, but if ever you have the least idea of leaving New York, just direct your eyes to the South to a lovely city situated not very far from the Delaware River, where your early days were all spent and where I trust you are yet to pass many more happy years than you have ever yet seen. I was very sorry I happened to be out the last time you called on me but you should always remember "if at first you dont succeed try, try again."

Votre chère amie

Minie Fiegel

Minie Fiegel
March 12th 1850

April 17th 1849

Dear Rasch

I have just seated myself at my desk in our beautiful school room, to answer your last letter dated March 11th, it seems scarcely possible that more than a month has rolled away since then, but so it is, I am so much engaged through the week that the days pass like lightning, and it is no sooner Monday morning, than it is Friday afternoon. Do you dislike Mondays Rasch, O they are the most hateful days in the whole week to me, I always feel as I go to school in the morning that I have another whole week's toil, and trouble, before me e'er I shall hail another holiday, but after I reach the school room, and am busy once more with my interesting pupils, I feel as happy, and contented, as ever and feel as if I could teach, and impart instruction, to all in my charge and never weary.

Ginnie Peirs called to see me yesterday, she told me she had just heard from you, she heard from Rose also, who had arrived safely at home, and was very well, we sat about ½ an hour chatting on various subjects, such as the coldness of the weather, the various changes in the fashions, and the merits, and demerits, of our numerous friends, you were not forgotten depend upon it, did your ears burn?

Em came

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attention

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to our house last Saturday, and we went out shopping together, at least we went out together, but Em did all the shopping, shall I tell you what she bought? 2 standi ruffles which you know are so becoming, to her, a beautiful new silk dress, a blue and white plaid quite a large plaid, and very stylish looking as Em justly observed, a white with a blue beautiful worked figure in it, and a blue lustre, there only see what an extravagant being, to purchase 3 dresses at one time, but I suppose she intends to make them last for the next 3 years, for you know we never care much for the changes in the fashion.

When do you expect to visit us again, I scarcely saw you the last time you were here, fo I happened to be engaged the evenings, you purposed visiting me, and your visit to our school was so shor that I had scarcely time to say any thing to you.

Em, Wm and myself, are going to a bridal party this evening, give to Miss Mary Richards, from Reading who was marri this morning, I wish you were here to accompany us, how ever you will be remembered as we there enjoy ourselv or strive so to do, for very often it is a hard matter t pass a very pleasant evening, where we meet so many whom we do not know.

And now my dear friend, I must bid you adieu, strive to keep yourself free fro the spring fever (alias ennui) and return to Phil

Minnie Ziegel

-delphia as soon as you can

Your affectionate friend
Minie Fiegel

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attention
pleasure of an introduction to him, on Sunday night week he was rather quiet I thought but we were all dull that evening, and none of us seemed inclined to be very talkative.

Minie Ziegel

Minie Ziegel
Apl 17th 1849

Philadelphia April 19th 1849.

My Dear Friend

I am realy ashamed of my self to think I have never answered your letter; nor acknowledged the receipt of your beautiful present, which far exceeded my expectations, but indeed it was only from want of time. I have been so much engaged in my household affairs such as house cleaning &c (which you gentleman are very ignorant of) that I have not had time.

Emma I expect has told you what a delightful evening we spent when the cake was cut, and often we spoke of you and wished you were here to join in our merry talk. Just as they were in the midst of eating I said I wonder if Rasch washed his feet well before makeing it, when they all, says oh! oh! hush— but Rasch it had a good effect they did not eat any more— indeed it was the most delighful cake I ever ate; I owe you many thanks for it. Emma was here on tuesday evening but did not stay long, but came and went in a hurry, as usual dressed in something new; we are going out walking together tomorrow, I hope it is clear—

I saw Ginnie Piers to day she received a letter from you lately which she intends answering soon, she seems rather dull as Rachel leaves her soon; and not haveing

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many friends and plenty of trouble; she regrets their leaving very much, My babies are both well and more lovely than ever, I suppose you will not think so but say it is all a mothers pride; but you will see when you come on they are more lovely than ever— (little Jonny (who was so pleased with your walks you can not imagine what joy it is for a mother to see her little ones trotting over the floor and daily noticing the improvements in them; while painting bright prospects for their future 'tis truly a delight which none other than a ~~parent~~ can realise.

I hope you have been enjoying yourself during the bleak frosty weather which we have lately been and are now subject to for while I am writeing the winds are howling around the house and the snow is falling as freely as though it were mid winter instead of bordering upon the pleasant month of may.

You I suppose have been enjoying the opera, which has been debarred to us by the failure of their procuring subscriptions sufficient to warrant their performing here. The ladies have put aside their spring bonnets and dresses, which they were flourishing in and have again, brought forth their winter costume

Harry has been to hear Tedesco but unfortunately she did sing as well as usual he was therefore disappointed considering her high reputation but with the Senore, Vietti he was delighted, such tones

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Minnie Riegel

combined with ease and facility of execution he says he has never before heard, dear Rasch you must excuse the mistakes as I ~~have~~ am writeing this in the dineing with both babies leaning on me and it is shake shake all the time. Harry is at the store but accept his best love, oh blame the children how they shake me — I will have to give it up — unfortunately I must wait until I see Em to know your direction

With the hope you are well and enjoying yourself — and that you will soon answer this

I remain yours

Sue Tripler

write soon

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attention

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Minie Fiegel

Sue Sippler
Apr 19" 1849

391 Sixth av
near 24

PHILADA
APR
5

Horatio N. Baldwin Esq.
No. 391 Sixth Avenue
near 24th. Street
New York

Philadelphia July 2nd 1849

Dear Rasch

I suppose you will scarcely believe me, when I say I was very glad to hear from you on Saturday last, because I have not written for so long, but did you know my reasons for not writing you'd certainly excuse, me 't'is not as you seem to think because I'm so happy here, surrounded by all my friends, I'm happy 't'is true at least I'm not perfectly happy, for we none of us are that, but I think I'm quite as contented, and satisfied, as the generality of mankind, or womankind either, but I can assure my friends here are very few, and far between, and when I do not include my father, and sisters, and brothers, I don't think the number of my true, and sincere friends, will amount to half a dozen, so you see I have need of all your kindness and friendly remembrance, although I do not see you quite as often as in days of yore. I can tell you why I've not written you know my last letters were short you said, and I knew it too, but I had no news to communicate that I thought would interest you, and then again I knew that through Em, you'd hear every thing of interest, and it would afford you no pleasure to read one thing twice over, so I was waiting till I could collect a whole budget of news, and then I thought

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advice you give me, I know you love Ginnie and I

attention

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when I had enough, I'd sit down and send it to
you, but I begin to think this is not the wisest plan
so I sat myself down this morning determined to
tell you every thing I could think of, so if you tire
of my nonsense blame not me, but yourself for
wanting a long letter.

In the first place dear Horatio
Minnie Fiegel, Ginnie Piers, and Emma Gardner, are
no longer the loving, intimate friends they once were,
the reason why, perhaps you've heard, however you
have not had my reasons, so I proceed to state
them, for a long time Gin has ceased visiting me,
but she still kept sending word she was coming, I can't
tell how long it was since she spent an evening with
me before, last Saturday night week, when she and
Em came in company, but you may judge of her
sociability when I inform you that since Rose's marriage
Gin has spent one evening with me, and called about
6 or 7 times, for 10 or 15 minutes, if she had no time,
or if I were convinced it ~~[illegible]~~ was out of her power to
come often, I should be perfectly willing to excuse
her, and would visit her twice as often as I used
to do, but when she's always out and according to
her own statement, has nothing to prevent her comin
do you wonder that I felt hurt, at such behavio
no you cannot be surprised, that I was both hurt
and offended, so when they came on Saturday nigh
I acted coolly, and I did it intentionally, I know it
was my place as hostess, to have acted more polit

Minnie Fiegel

but I felt that I had been ill treated, and I could not so disguise my real feelings, as to receive them with my accustomed warmth of manner, they were both very much hurt of course, Em on *Gin's* account only, for I treated Em as well as I ever did, although she says I did not, they have both resolved not to come again, and I'm not at all anxious for them to break their good resolution, for if they did not care to visit me more than once or twice a month, I'd rather not see them at all, if I cared nothing for them I certainly would not wish to see them oftener, but I never formed a stronger attachment, in my life than that I formed for Em, and Gin, I always knew that Em cared *more* for Gin than myself, but never did I think she'd abandon me for acting as I think I was justified in acting. I beg as a favor dear Rasch that you will not say any thing of this either, to Em, or Ginnie, when you write, I still feel kindly to both, but if I cannot possess the same place in their affections, as I once did I prefer being considered as a mere acquaintance. I dont expect dear Rasch that you will coincide with *me*, but I merely give you my views on the subject, over Em there has come a great, and mighty change, of late she seems to me like another being, dull, quiet, cross, and to outward appearances very unhappy, when I try to converse she seems to be thinking of something else I can account for her latter fault very readily, but if being in love makes a person so dull, and un

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attenti

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happy, I shall pray to keep clear of it.

We have fine tim now at school, we open at 8, and close at 12, so you see we only have to teach 4 hours now, instead of 6. The cholera appears to be increasing in our midst, there were 20 deaths from Saturday till yesterday, I think however there is a great deal of unnecessary alarm on the subjec To day is a very cool, pleasant day for July, the name July always sounds so hot to me, that it don't seem right when it's so cool, in this month The day after to morrow is the glorious anniversary of our independence, let me beg dear Horatio that you will be careful not to have much to do with those dangerouscrackers, pin wheels, chasers, or rockets, for they may fly in your beautiful eyes and injure your sight then what what would you do when you came here and could not see your friends especially Mini Fiegel? I shall certainly remember you to all your friends here in our good city, be assured my dear friend Horatio that your kindness and attention to me when you lived in our neighborhood, was too deeply impressed on my warm, and I trust grateful heart, ever to be forgotten. Write as soon as possible, and rest assured you shall not have to wait again for an answer. Receive my kindest, an best wishes, for your health and prosperity during this unhealthy season of the year. Your affectionate friend Mi

Minnie Fiegel
July 2nd 1849

Minie Fiegel

Dear Rasch Philadelphia July 23rd

A week has already rolled by since I received your letter, but if you only knew what a busy week it has been to me, you would not wonder that I could not find time to write to you sooner, in the 1st place last Monday all the Teachers were paid, then on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday they were busily employed racing from store to store, and walking from street to street, trying to search for bargains, on Friday our school closed, and I wish you could have been stationed at the door to have seen the happy smiling faces, as they came forth shouting hurra! no school for 5 weeks, the teachers I can assure thee Horatio were not a whit less pleased than their pupils, at least I know one, who was not and who reached her home at 1/2 past 9 o'clock, with such a light happy heart, that you would really have supposed she never knew the meaning of sorrow.

How welcome your last letter was to me Rasch I can't tell you, I was very busy scrubbing, you know I used to be guilty of doing the like a year ago, but I instantly seated myself broke open the letter, and began to devour the contents thereof, with as much eagerness as if it were from a devoted lover in the gold regions, I must thank you for the very, very kind advice you give me, I know you love Ginnie and I

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attentio

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think you ought to, for she ever speaks of you to me in the kindest manner, she has been very ill during the past 2 weeks, something like the cholera I believe, but is now much better I feel that we never can be to each other what we have once been, but I shall ever remember the days that are past with feelings of melancholy pleasure. Has Rose written to you lately? I wrote to her soon after she left and received an answer, since that I wrote again at least 2 months since, but have never heard a word in return, Rose is very dilatory, she has a great many to write to I know, and their family is very large, and as each one expects to have a letter occasionally I dare say she's kept pretty busy, so I think if she doe not write to me this week, I'll punish her with one next would'nt you?

The health of our city is improving the Cholera appears to be on the decrease, I expect to go to Trenton this week to spend 6 or 8 days, and then to Norristown to spend 2 weeks, I don't know wheth I'll get off or not, for I'm so silly that when I leave the city for any length of time I always want to get home again as quickly as possible, I suppose it's because I have neve been away for any length of time, I know I never could be contented to live in any other city than this, even if I was surrounded by wealth. I can enter into the feelings of your heart when you speak of your loneliness for I know well it must be dreadful to be separate from all whom we hold dear, to take up our abode in a place unknown to us, and where we feel there is not one who cares aught for our welfare, not one who can enter into our troubles, and griefs, or to whom we can go to beg a favor, may such never be thy lot dear Rasch is my earnest wish.

I suppose you got Wm's letter, I delivered your message, he told me he had commensed a letter but had not had time to finish it, he is one of the slow kind. Em and I often plague him about his habit of procrastinating, he takes it all very good naturedly however, which is more than either of us would I think he is truly amaiable, I never saw any one more so I often wish I was more like him, it is much easier for us all to admire and praise a mild, amiable, person than to practise their virtues, hence the reason why so many more persons are inclined to be cross, unkind, and irritable, to each other instead of pleasant, and forgiving.

When do you intend come to see us again? this summer I hope, do not come when I'm away or I shall be very much disappointed, to day is a lovely day, how you would enjoy a promenade in our city at 5 o'clock, that is the hour now, or no I guess it is an hour later, and from that time till dark quite an array of beauty and fashion fills every square of Chestnut, and Walnut Sts, from 10th to 6th.

I believe I can't think of any thing

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attentio

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more I have to say, but hope to be able to tell you of my enjoyment in the country in my next.

Your affectionate friend
Minnie Fiegel

Minnie Fiegel
July 23d 1850

Minnie Fiegel

Philada, July 23, '49.

Dear Baldwin;

Your interesting letter of the 1st July was duly received; and, believe me, when I assure you that it afforded me the greatest pleasure to hear from my old friend the Secretary of the (late) "Ugly Club;" notwithstanding that I have delayed my reply to your epistle until the present late period,—a circumstance, by the way, not owing to wilful neglect, but to indisposition—mind ye, not indisposition of the *mind*, but of the *body*—and the little time I have to spare from business, with which I am at present overrun.

I am glad to perceive that you manage to kill off time so well in the good city of Gotham, by the aid of the attractions of your fair Irish friend, and the less spiritual but perhaps more seductive blandishments of the frail beauties of Castle Garden. By the way, speaking of Irish ladies, it reminds me that the only beautiful Irish lady I ever saw, I met with in N. York. To be sure she was *the* wife of a tailor, the "ninth part of a man", but, notwithstanding, she was a specimen of woman such as we "read about," but seldom have the good fortune to come in actual contact with, in this dull, plodding, matter-of-fact world of ours. And Castle Garden also has its reminiscences. A

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attenti

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happy I shall

pleasant place that, to pass a hot summer's evening, when the moon is high in the heavens, looking down upon the beautiful bay, with its numberless shipping studding its glassy surface, spreading their white wings to the favouring breeze, or lying quietly at anchor in its calm and placid waters. Ahem! there's poetry for you. But to return to plain prose. There are other attractions, perhaps more alluring to the many — the vulgar herd — though of a more *sensual* nature: it is hardly necessary to say that I have reference to the "mint juleps," "brandy smashes," and other et ceteras, which are quaffed — or sucked, if you prefer it thro' those delicate tubes, in which delightful occupation I saw engaged a party of ladies and gentleman, when I visited the place last summer — with such infinite gusto by the thousands who there do congregate. But, notwithstanding all these advantages, New York seems to possess but little attraction for you, and you appear to be heartily tired of it, and sigh to return to the more congenial pleasures afforded by our good "city of brotherly love." In your case, my dear fellow, I do not wonder — I can appreciate your situation, for I *have been* in love myself, and know what it is. I can only say, that when you make up your mind to return, I shall be ready to give you a hearty welcome.

I do not know that I can tell you anything about affairs here, which will be of much interest to you. I continue to "pursue the even tenor of my way," if I may so speak of the dull, monotonous life I lead — a monotony, by the way, of which I sometimes feel heartily tired, and have endeavored to get up a decent sort of California fever, which has been rather a failure up to the present speaking, — in fact a decided "No go;" so I must content myself as best I can.

I have not had the pleasure of seeing our friends of Montgomery and Eleventh Streets for nearly a fortnight; although I called at Miss Piers' last week, but had the misfortune ~~not~~ to find her not at home. Tuesday will be two weeks, I was at Louis' where I had the pleasure of seeing Miss G. apparently quite well, though, I thought, rather pensive — nothing more. I assure you, as I had the pleasure of accompanying her home with Miss Virginia; and therefore speak positively on the subject. But I presume you are well posted in matters concerning them, as our fair friend, the charming Virginia informs me that she is one of your correspondents. By the by, Horatio, you are a happy fellow to have such a correspondent and such a friend among your acquaintances of the fair sex. I really envy you. How delightful it must be to receive, every two or three weeks, thro' the post-office, a carefully folded letter, directed, in a neat and beautiful hand, to "Horatio N. Baldwin Esq. New York City," giving you all the news from our

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pleasure of an introduction to him, on Sunday night week. he was rather quiet I thought but we were all dull that evening, and none of us seemed inclined to be very talkative.

good city, i.e. the news in which you feel most interested, and all told with that charming, inimitable simplicity and playfulness of manner which a woman only knows!

As to Ewen, of whom you wish to hear, I have not seen or heard from him for some time. Some eight or ten weeks ago he wrote to me, on behalf of another person, to go up to Phoenixville, to take charge of a paper about to be established there; but the inducements held out were not sufficient, and I declined the offer. No doubt, he is still at Phoenixville, engaged in the delightful employment of making pills and plasters, and benevolently administering to the relief of the "ills flesh is heir to."

I do not pretend to say that this letter is a "readable" one, indeed I am quite inclined to think the contrary; but then, as I have not had the advantage of "fortifying" myself with ~~even~~ a "lemonade" and "glorious Havana," or even a vulgar "six," I hope you will excuse its dullness and stupidity. Hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you among us soon, if not in person, at least by letter,

I remain, sincerely,

Your friend

G. A. Hubbard

P.S. My respects to Fisher, with my best wishes that he may be, as successful in baking, as in love affairs G. A. H.

Geo. A. Hubbard
July 23 1849

Minnie Ziegel

Dear Rasch Sept 7th 1849

Although more than a week has elapsed since I receiv'd your last letter, it seems to me as if I had not had a moment to spare to answer it in, this may astonish you separated as you now are from our dull city, but if you could only take a peep at me for one short day, you would say I had enough not only to keep my small self busy, but another person too, since vacation our school has been removed, and we are admitting more new children, we have a very nice large room under the new Church, in 13th St at Wallace, it is called the 2nd Independent Church, and is under the charge of Henry D Moore, of whom I dare say you have often heard, we have now 180 children belonging to our school, and only 2 teachers, we expect to have another teacher though in a short time, or if that were not the case, I really think I'd begin to think of doing something desperate with myself, yes I even thought the other day I'd try to find some rich old fellow, and elope with him, or try to make him elope with me, do ship the first one over here that you meet with in your travels.

You were very very excusable dear Rasch in not writing to me sooner, I know you were very anxious about Emma, so were we all and indeed she was very ill, but you worried too much I thought, I did not feel the least doubt as to her recovery for I have heard so much of her disease, that I felt

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pleasure of an introduction to him, on Sunday night week he was rather quiet I thought but we were all dull that evening, and none of us seemed inclined to be very talkative.

pretty well acquainted with its symptoms, and knew that it required time and patience, which latter trait Em had a great deal of. Em and I were out together two, or three times, this week she looks much better than she did I think, I don't think she is much fatter, but her colour is better, her appetite is excellent she says, and that you know is a good sign, for before her sickness she told me she never knew what it was to be hungry, very unlike myself, for I'm always ready, and willing to eat and drink abundantly.

I suppose you heard about Rose's sickness, I'm very anxious to know whether she is better, I think I'll call there to morrow Ginnie has not returned yet, but I guess she will before long, I don't know how her mother does without her fo her health is not at all good, and she must have quite a busy time of it, if she has to see to every thing herself, I know she wishes Gin home, (for between you and I Rose Ginnie is quite a favorite with her mamma, more so than any of the rest I always thought.

Did you know that your friend Miss Mary G. Wells was dead, I read her death in the Ledger the other day, and remembered having heard you say she had the consumption, the paper did not give her age, but merely her name and residence.

Don't you feel sorry Rasch that summer is past, I can't tell you how sad it makes me when I think of Fall coming on so fast, I think that Autumn is the dullest season in the whole year, it always reminds me of the close of our lives, to be in the country then would be misery to me, I know it's pleasanter to walk then for in summer it's too warm in the middle of the day, and in the mornings, and evenings, the dews are so heavy that we ladies are very apt to get wet dresses and stockings, but to walk in Autumn and look at the changing of the foliage, is indeed very pleasant only as I said before it always gives me a fit of the blues, I think how ~~how~~ very soon will the autumn of our lives roll round to each of us, perhaps e'er another autumnal season has made its appearance, we may be reposing beneath the cold sods of the valley, these thoughts should occupy all of our minds more than they do, and mine especially I know, for prepared or unprepared we must all soon pass from this earth to enter our future home, either of happiness, or misery, and I who have professed myself to be on the Lord's side, will certainly have more to answer for, than they who never knew their duty.

Pardon my sermonizing dear Rasch, I will not inflict you any longer, don't think I'm preaching to you, but to my own heart. Tom told me to remember him to you, he's in the same store yet and likes it as well as ever, the only fault I have to find with it is, that he has so much to do that he never gets to see me till ½ past 8 o'clock, and is then so tired, that he is scarcely able to say half a dozen words.

attentio

pleasure of an introduction to him, on Sunday night week he was rather quiet I thought but we were all dull that evening, and none of us seemed inclined to be very talkative.

Will you think that I'm tired of writing to you if I cease now, if you do think so you will think wrong, for indeed I can think of nothing more to interest you, not that what I have written was so very new, or interesting, but it was written you know to please you, and you can not but be gratified by this avowal. Now Farewell dear Rasch when next I write I hope it will be with a mind more calm and free from anxiety ~~which~~ about School matters, and affairs. This worthy letter was commenced on Friday noon, and not concluded till Monday evening, don't you think I'm a very expert writer?

Yours Truly

Minie Fiegel.

I wish you were at our house now for we have just purchased a monstrous water-melon, do you remember the first time you were at our house, we treated you to some of the same and peaches too?

Minnie Fiegel
Sep 5th 1849

Philada Octbr 3d 1849

Dear Sir

I received a communication from you dated August 23d requesting me, very politely, to enclose you my bill for medical attendance on Miss Gardner in consultation with Dr Haines - which you stated was your wish to forward on, which I did accordingly for several reasons, viz 1st it was in compliance with your request - 2d I had much use for it and 3rd it would save the necessity of opening a regular acct. - Under these circumstances I enclosed the bill and sent it, but not receiving a reply I have been uncertain whether my communication ever reached you & you would confer a favor if you would satisfy me upon that point - if you have received it, please have the kindness to let me know and excuse this second address - I would not willingly or unnecessarily trouble you —

I am respectfully

your friend

John D Thomas

Mr H. N. Baldwin

N.B — I Paid this Bill and the receipt is Somewhere!

Jany 22d 1867

PHILADA OCT 4 5 cts

Mr H. N. Baldwin
No 387 6th Avenue
New Yorke
Ste N. York

PAID

by
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pleasure of an introduction to him, on Sunday night week he was rather quiet I thought but we were all dull that evening, and none of us seemed inclined to be very talkative.

Will you think that I'm tired of writing to you if I cease

Dr Thomas
Oct 27 1849

Mind friend

Philadelphia Oct 8th /49.

Dear Rasch

It seems scarcely possible that the last letter I received from you was dated Sept 12th, and that letter yet unanswered, but so it is time flies so swiftly, that I never or very rarely accomplish in one week, all I expect to and week after week, I've been going to write to you when something happened to prevent.

I must tell you the news I suppose and some of my news I fear will be very stale to you, for I dare say ere this my friend Em has made you acquainted with all our arrivals, changes, and disappointments, but no matter as the old women say a "good story is worth repeating" and I agree with them too. On Saturday week Em and I were out walking, and as we expected Rose Piers would be home we called there, and right were we to embrace her once more, she looks well very, and is much stouter than she was 5 months since when she left us, she seems rather quiet though I think, occasioned I suppose by the loss of her little daughter, for which I felt very sorry, Ginnie is fat and as saucy as ever, they plague her a great deal about your friend Mr Hubbard, she bears it all very good naturedly, which by the by is I think a sign that the said gentleman's attentions are not disagreeable to her, I had the pleasure of an introduction to him, on Sunday night week he was rather quiet I thought but we were all dull that evening, and none of us seemed inclined to be very talkative.

I'm sorry dear Rasch that you understood me to say in my last letter that Em "endured your importunity with much patience," I did not intend to convey such an idea, but I wrote in a hurry and did not pay a great deal of attention when I read my letter over, and perhaps it did read as you understood it, rest assured however my dear friend that I shall be more careful in future how I write, nothing was farthest from my mind than thinking you too importunate, not at all, you were kind gentle and as attentive as any one could have been, and when I spoke of Em being patient, I meant in the hour of pain, and suffering, and not when inquired of by her friends as to her health and so forth.

What a dreadful disagreeable week the past has been, ~~and~~ I suppose that you too have suffered as well as myself from a fit of the blues occasioned by so much rain, On Sunday morn it was clear, in the afternoon it rained and from that day till to day which is Monday, I believe we had not a clear day but Wednesday. To day it's so cold that my fingers are quite stiff, sitting in school writing, for we have no fire.

I'm looking forward already to Christmas and like the children I've just been wondering what I'd get for a Christmas present, for I'm always sure of one at least and generally more, you must try and be in our good city then, and participate in our happiness, O I do think holiday times especially Christmas, and New Years, are delightful occasions, when we are all assembled in one circle, father, mother, sister, brother, friend, and relations, both near, and dear, all united in love around a well filled Christmas table, each one merry and each one with a token of love to the other, how pleasant are such scenes but ah! some have no relations but if they have not very very few are there who have not *one* at least they can call their friend, lonely indeed must be that heart that warms not to one of God's human race, I envy not such, you and I dear Rasch have many who are loved by us, and who love us in return, with them we hope to meet when the next Christmas, (merry I hope it will be) shall have rolled around.

I must not fail to give Wm's best respects to you, and although he does not write dear Rasch believe me he is your friend, his time is very much occupied he is at the store early and late, I paid particular attention to the closing sentence of your last letter, and I suppose you think I've been putting you to the test, to see whether you really meant what you said when you wrote as follows. "I shall deem it a favor if you write to me soon if you do not I will wait patiently in any case dear Minie with or without letters.

I am ever yours always

H R Baldwin

I'm happy to hear such liberal sentiments from the pen of H R B, and happy to subscribe myself. Your affectionate friend

Minie.

Minie Siegel
Oct 8th 1849

Philad March 19' 1857

Dear Baldwin:

Your very kind and friendly letter of the 6th inst. reached me at a moment when my heart was fully open to the language of sympathy and condolence. There is one sweet that we can extract from the bitter presence of affliction, one gleam to cheer us in the "night time of sorrow". We may find it in the tenderness, the genuine kindness of sympathizing friends, who, in that sad hour gather around to tender their services and their condolence. In the opportunity which we are afforded to judge the warmth of the love that old friends bear us, and to discover new springs of affection and regard in the hearts of others whom we knew but scarcely valued. It may be the fortune of some to realize this more than others; but in the shadows of the few clouds of affliction which Heaven has wafted over our dwelling, I have always seen this light of consolation gleaming brightly, and I have felt how sad must be the lot of those to whom such comfort is denied.

Our sister, "who is gone to the azure overhead," was our pet, our fireside darling, upon whom we all loved to lavish our little attentions and affection, and besides, being endeared to us by her many amiable qualities and a thousand familiar associations, she is the third sister whose departure we have been called upon to mourn in the short space of a few years. All this makes her decease sad indeed to us. We miss her everywhere; at all times. Our family circle once so large, is dwindled down to a mere handful. Death has come among us and snatched away one after another, and now we stand in number, besides our parents, but one sister and two brothers. This is a sad history of a family which has numbered eleven children. What is to be the sequel? God only knows! Let me at least hope that the worst is past – that there may be a clear patch of sky in the future for our grief stricken parents – that in the evening of their days the sun may go down with them unclouded, tinged though its light shall be with the deepening shades of twilight, and the shadows of clouds that have parted, yet, as one of those summer evenings when night comes on so still and softly, with an influence so soothing and holy, that darkness is wrapped about us before our twilight dream is ended.

Ah! my friend, life is a severe pilgrimage view it in its best aspect! We have hopes, affections, sympathies, that twine themselves about our hearts, like the young tendrils of the vine, that are growing stronger, closer, day by day; and when the stroke comes by which they are parted asunder, oh! Christ! what an awakening to misery there is for us. We live on the brink of a precipice, the parting of a grain of sand, or a pebble from its bed may tumble us headlong.

"Happy is the man, I have sometimes thought, who has no sensibility, no sentiment in hi soul to feel this uncertainty, this liability to to disappointment in everything that tender, hopeful impulse bids us trust. For him, the world blooms no flowers it is true, but it wears but few thorns. Life is a sober reality to him, without its undulations of hills and vallies, without its alternations of light and shade. There is no wear and tear of the spirits, no burning out of the warm fires of hope, no heart-sinkings, no early wrinkling of the brow and a dull saddening of the eye! His soul is glazed! Sorrow may strike him, but glances off. Joys may kiss him, but their impression slumbers on the surface. Thus old age may come along to him, and find him unbent, hearty and hale, and people remark about him "how well he carries his age". There are other men who wither before their autumn is come. They bear other burdens, besides the weight of years, which grows heavier as their pilgrimage advances, and bends their proud form to the earth. Yet had we the choice what sort of creature we might be, there are few, I imagine, but who would ask for a heart "awake to the flowers" and a soul susceptible of softening influences.

I have prolonged my theme farther than I thought my time would permit, and in conclusion permit me to add my gratefulness for your remembrance of me in the hour of "adversity" and my warm appreciation of the kindly feelings that prompted the act. Hoping that it may be my good fortune to hear from you again and with kindest wishes for your welfare and happiness, I am Your friend

George Emerick Sr.

Geo Emmick
March 19th /51

Philad Nov. 27' 1851

Dear Baldwin

The arrival of "Thanksgiving day" affords me a respite from the cares and duties that employ my thoughts and time week after week, and enables me to acknowledge, at this late period, your kind favor of last June. Our correspondence – if we can dignify our very occasional exchange of letters by so important a title — needs a stimulus to rescue it from the "inglorious activity" which it has been labouring under. If it is pleasant to give and receive as every letter writer asserts who makes his occupation the burden of his song, who can measure the degree of enjoyment we experience at each others hands!! However, we will not despise the day of small things and will hope for a freer intercourse in the future.

To day is being observed in a variety of ways by the million for whom it is designed to give them a chance for thanksgiving. The poor man who struggles hard the live-long day for the miserable pittance to supply his daily wants – to clothe, house and feed his mate and little ones, is requested and recommended by our worthy Magistrates to be grateful one day out of 365 for the mere necessaries that his severest efforts barely bring him. This is mockery! The capitalist, —

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that will melt away with the flight of time.

- the Shylock who walks into Wall or Third St- flush in means, and swells his enormous possessions at the rate of 10 or 12 p.ct. from the shallow pockets of his fellows, whom necessity has driven to the wall, is invited to give thanks — that misfortune has thrown so many sufferers upon his tender mercies. The tradesman, whose well directed efforts, industrious habits patient devotion to his business are producing him their just returns, is to "thank God that he is not like other men" who take not the same pains and consequently receive not his reward. How long would he be prosperous should he discontinue his efforts? No man I presume will think that the drunkard and the pauper has any thing to be thankfull for. The day could not have been set apart for them. But the drunkards *friend*, who supplies him with the poison that is sending him surely to a dreadfull fate and has already destroyed his energy, his self respect, his character in the estimation of others, he may be thankful that he can afford to buy the house that he first rented, and can add one after another to his rental — that, in fact he is feeling easy and comfortable in the world. *A bas les actions des grâces.* It is hypocrisy in our rulers to set apart one day in the year for us all to assemble together and render thanks to the "Almighty Maker of Heaven and Earth" for the blessing we have enjoyed in a certain time. Like so many of our customs and habits of thinking it has the taint of puritanism and had its first growth in that hotbed of heresies, paradoxes and theories,— New England.

We enjoyed a short time ago the presence of Maretzek and his troupe. They had a prosperous season and it was much regretted that they could not be detained longer. Barring the high price for admission it was the most satisfactory Opera season we "provincialists" have yet enjoyed. The orchestra and chorus were admirable and the principal singers save some exceptions which, taking in consideration the infancy of Opera in this country we must over-look I suppose, were very good indeed. I heard de Vries in Norma and liked her. Her voice is powerfull and has been cultivated in its upper range splendidly but below I think it has been neglected. She needs finishing in many things — I observed she is deficient in the Chromatic Scale and in other points which should not be forgotten — but on the whole I liked her much. She is a fine actress. Bettini is good, but I like Benedetti better. Salvi suits me. He can always be correct. Marini sung false every night I heard him and Colletti who was substituted for him in Norma, distressed me beyond measure. You are a happy dog to have Opera always at hand. To get it piecemeal as we do is agravating. Our amusements here, theatrical and miscellaneous, are damnable. And yet they are successful. Democracy seems to live to encourage mediocrity.

upon a question that I
think will melt away with the flight of time.

Our friends in Montgomery St are well. I hear of you occasionally in that quarter. It is rumored that you are soon coming on. Pray do not neglect to come *Chez moi*.

My brother desires to be remembered to you. He will perhaps be in your city in January.

Very truly
Your friend
Geo. Emrick Jr.

Geo Emmerick
Nov 27th 1851

Philad Feby 11' 1852

Dear Baldwin

I have just risen from reading Gen. Cass' Speech on Intervention, which I was induced to peruse not so much by an interest in the subject, as to gratify a curiosity to learn what were the spoken views of this most plausible of Statesmen. I must indeed confess that I fear my time was idly spent, for while my curiosity was gratified I met with propositions that almost provoked me to take an interest in the question and make issue with the General. What few convictions I have, lead me to believe that our best policy is, to still respect the admonitions of our Pater Patriæ, and to forget not the injunctions of our old Sages whose wisdom was matured in perilous times. Romance is an inconvenient conceit, and to invite difficulty and entail burdens by making sacrifices for the "sake of humanity", will be indulging a fancy at the expense of common sense.

But I will not weary you by prolonging a theme that may have no charm to you. Should you agree with me, we can do no good by harping in unison, and should we disagree, it would be a pity that good fellows should split upon a question that I think will melt away with the flight of time.

We are being favored with a series of "Chamber Concerts", two of which I have attended. They are something new for us, provincialists and many people are curious in their enquiries to learn what is meant by "Chamber music". I need not tell *you* how delightful it is to listen to music of that description; your experience has taught you no doubt how to appreciate strictly good music, well executed. These concerts do not meet the favor of the masses. "They want variety, are dry and uninteresting" say they. Said a man to me last night, "It put me to sleep, there was too much sameness and I could make nothing out of the music". I replied to him that it probably was not calculated to please the general taste. That there were grades in music and that quartette music being one which had been but little cultivated among us it was perhaps owing to its strangeness that he was unable to appreciate it. It is a fact that many people go to concerts as they go to the Circus—to witness surprising feats of agility and dexterity. In the quiet execution of the fine quartettes of these "Chamber Concerts" there is nothing to astonish the uncultivated, and, *par consequence* they fall asleep. I enclose you a programme. First Violin, Blessner; 2nd, Reinhardt; Tenor, Cross and Violoncello, the incomparable Waldteufel.

Miss Richings has passed the ordeal of a debutante. She has made no great sensation I imagine. They say she bears the impress of Richings in her style and manners, having many of his peculiarities and habits. My brother thinks her chances for fame rather slim. Her voice is indifferent, method bad and she lacks soul, spirit inspiration to warm me up into an agreeable enthusiasm

We are suffering badly for the want of good opera in Philad. Out of your abundance in New York can you not spare us a little? It would be profitable — we have not any good place where persons of taste and refinement may resort to be amused and entertained. Theatricals "are" not to be endured", Concerts are few and uninviting and the circus is monopolized by newsboys. See to what extremity are we driven. If it were not for the gay and gilded salons about town where we can stop and call for his glass and segars to drink and smoke in friendly converse, there would be nothing to encourage me to sustain this burden of living. Help us, I pray you, if it be in your power! Tell Max and Sefton to cease that business-like opposition. There should not be two Richmonds in one field when two fields will suit their purpose better.

"Westward the star of empire takes its course."
So goes our friend Coggins who embarks
for Oregon saturday next.. Dear me! I
must be growing old, Everybody that I have
played with in boyhood's hours, is dying, travelling
or marrying. Three events that are equally
effectual in breaking old associations.

My brother desires to be remembered to you.
He often speaks of you and of our pleasant meeting
on New Years eve.

With friendly wishes for your welfare I am
Truly Yours
George Emerick Jr.

Geo Emerick
Feb 11th/52

Philad March 27/52

My Dear Baldwin

The heavy clouds that darkened my chamber this morning prepared my waking faculties for a dull day. Rain has been falling copiously since, and its usual effect in stilling and stopping business has afforded this little interval to spend in chatting sociably with you. I always keep on hand a supply of books at the office to keep away *ennui* when I am idle — nothing of serious interest to addle the brain, but merely something light and superficial that may be skipped over, half drowsily perhaps and simply with a view to be diverted and amused. This was my resource this morning when I spread my legs around the stove and listened to the cold rain pattering against the panes. I flew to my desk and dragged out a pile of magazines, resumed my seat before and round the stove, and laid my towers of Harpers, Sartains, and Grahams on a chair beside me. Good luck led me to Grahams for April in which occurs "A Reply to Dwights article on Mozarts Don Giovanni" Anonymous, but doubtless written by Miss Brewster

Dwight, as you are no doubt aware is a disciple of the New England School of Music. He lectured in the atlantic cities a year or two ago. His pretensions and plagiarisms are amusingly exposed in the "Reply". It is shown that this is not his first offence and probably his previous success emboldened him to strike further. The "Reply" says in speaking of Dwights Don Giovanni "It opens with quite a flourish, trying to decorate the story and hero as the German Hoffman did long ago, but though the whole of the first part is a spun out translation of the German critic's description, it ~~so~~ so mingled with his own crude, half educated thoughts, as to require some little skill in separating Hoffman from Dwight". Then follows extracts from Hoffman and Dwight side by side, exposing the spring of Dwights inspiration plainly enough. I have a pious horror of plagiarists, ~~a~~ men who fatten on the fruits of other mens labor and I certainly do enjoy their exposure with a deal of malicious enjoyment.) I recommend you to see Graham for April.

The most obtrusive cards for public amusement that we now have, are the Firemen's Prize, Donation and Gift concerts.

Great preparations are being made for a grand display of the fire department shortly, and its votaries are moving heaven and earth in their efforts to raise the "needfull" to enable them to carry out their extravagant designs. Concerts are the means they seem to adopt most readily, and to increase ~~their~~ attractiveness they embellish them by presenting Pearl powder to the women and Fancy Soap to the men, and other schemes of judicious and liberal generosity.

The Germania are here, with Jaell, the prodigious. The fifth Chamber concert offers a splendid bill for next Wednesday. Positively it would be worth your while to come over.

The Springtime is come and yet Winter lingers to administer to me dis-content. I look longingly for the real signs of Spring. This Winter has made havoc with my health. Very severe weather and a too zealous confinement to business I suppose is the secret. The mountains must do something for me. By the way have you a fancy for the Mountains, if you have give me your hand I idolize them. I am never happier & healthier than among them.

It would be a pleasant thing to appoint a rendezvous in the hills, say in the classic valley of the Wyoming, gather around us some of the good things of the world make our peace and be happy. Believe me, dear Baldwin, I am

Truly
Geng. Emil [illegible]

Geo Emerick
March 27/52

Newhaven, Conn. May 31/52

Phil^a May 14^th 1852

Dear Baldwin

Your tidings of "the good time coming" reached me this morning I shall be most happy to assist you in encountering the "pleasures and pains anticipated by you. I feel gratified that among your many friends you have invited me to be with you on the occasion. Harry and I will put our heads together and nothing I assure you will be omitted to have the event pass off satisfactorily to yourselves and agreeably to all of us. Trusting that the day will find you both well and that it will be the glad opening of a happy era in your lives I remain

With much friendship

Truly Yrs

Geo. Emerick Jr.

Geo. Emerick

May 14th 1852

Newhaven, Conn. May 31/52

My Dear Sir

I fear I have been very trouble-some to you in accepting your generous offer to make some extracts from Mr. Child's letters. I left New York on Saturday morning without being able to do myself the pleasure of calling upon you to thank you for your kindness.

Will you have the goodness to put the books nd the extracts you have made in the hands of Adams Express, and address them to me at United tates Hotel, Boston, where I expect to be on ednesday. Please receive for yourself and lady my sincere regards and hearty congratulations.

Yours Truly
Albert G. Emerich

To H. N. Baldwin Esq
N. York

Albert Emerick
May 31st 1852

Philada April 4th 1857

Mr H. N. Baldwin
Dr Nephew

In the hurry of departure I neglected the performance of a very important duty, which in view of the friendly regard manifested toward me by yourself & estimable lady, was I fear a sad evidence of carelessness, I trust this will be the only construction put upon it as any other would be essentially wrong, I shall always feel proud in acknowledging your friendly attentions during my stay in your City, with affectionate regards to yourself & Mrs B I remain

very Sincerely Yours
B. Baldwin

I found Ralph in Phila

Phila. Apl. 18th. 1856

Mr. H. N. Baldwin

Your favor is at hand
dered —
is upon the Ball estate
g an heiress I fear
well as a very distant one
rs and self) received a
wyer in this city respecting
of a Mr. Charles De
and without knowing
gned all our right and
claim, upon condition
the troubles expense
part of the estate as
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Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and

Benj Baldwin
Apl 4" 1857.

Phila. Apl. 18th. 1856

Mr. H. N. Baldwin

Dear Cousin

Your favor is at hand and its contents duly considered—
If Miſs Blanche depends upon the Ball estate for her prospects of being an heireſs I fear that it will be a small as well as a very distant one.
We (that is brothers and sisters and self) received a communication from a lawyer in this city respecting the estate upon the behalf of a Mr. Charles De Seldin of Washington City, and without knowing much about it, we aſsigned all our right and interest to the said De Seldin, upon condition that he was to be at all the troubles expense and risk of getting such part of the estate as we were legally entitled to and to divide the proceeds, that is he, De Seldin, was to keep one half and the heirs are to divide the other half—
We were each obliged to invest twenty five cents in the partnership, which for fear of accidents, was changed to profit and loſs—
De Seldin had been to considerable trouble and expense in the matter he had made the same agreement with a large number of the heirs who I saw by his list are scattered through Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and

Kentucky — yours and Colins name were given to the Lawyer but we could not give your particular direction,

If I can be of any use to you I will do so with much pleasure, but I do not see that I can your better way will be to address Mr. De Hila yourself, and if he is still going on with the claim you will hear from him, for he appeared to be anxious to get all the heirs —

When you consider the relationship and the increase of population you may make a small calculation of the value of the claim —

Ball was a **Brother** to your Great Grandfathers mother,

Reciprocating your good wishes and hoping for the continued health and happiness of yourself and family I remain

Yours

S. P. Halloway

67 4/6

S. P. Halloway
Apl 18th 1854

Philada May 15th 57
9 P.M.

Friend Horatio

Sister Minnie died this afternoon at 5 o'clock very quietly, after being out of her head since Monday afternoon. During her sleep she named over every one she knew and you and Emma amongst the rest. We will bury her. I think on Tuesday afternoon. The children are both doing well. She suffered much, and we felt better satisfied to leave her go than see her suffer any longer.

Yours in haste
Lou.

P.S. Excuse writing as I am very nervous from being up so much.

Louis Fiegel
May 15" 1857

San Francisco Sep 5 1858

Dear Nephew

I must hurry up the cakes, or abandon forever the idea of writing to you, certainly not a very pleasant consideration, taking into view the many acts of kindneſs of which I was the unworthy recipient, during my short sojourn in your City — when I left New York it was without any definite plan, in regard to my future residence, intending to be govern'd by the complexion of events down South, setting aside pecuniary obligations, (which you know are paramount) I could have been very contented to remain at home, my wife and son, with other ties of a domestic nature, were drawing me with cords of steel, but the obligation to which I have just refer'd, made it absolutely neceſsary, that like the Irish bard I should "tear the chords asunder" — The consequence is I am once more a denizen of this Great Western State, Great in all the elements of prosperity when man chooses to bring the proper energies to bear — her motherly embrace was not stinted but large and liberal in its character, I felt like the prodigal returning to his home and like him met with an affectionate welcome — you are not to infer my dear nephew, that I have met with any extraordiny succeſs in busineſs, but rather that by prudent management I have nearly recover'd my losses in N. York, a consummation that at one time I almost dispair'd of, I have often heard it asserted that happiness in this world is the Rule and discomfort or misery the exception, this may hold good with reference to some classes and conditions in life, but I declare to you so far as my own experience goes the reverse of the picture is true, and misery or discomfort is the rule and happiness the exception, And there is nothing more evident to my mind than the fact, that without some extraneous aid we should at times be utterly overwhelm'd, Memory the telegraph of the soul, sending us back to "far distant dates," often presents to the mind events, the solution of which was inexplicable, but which has been clear'd up in a moment, as if by miraculous influence the effect of this experience is I hope to make me humble and submissive - Excuse this digression —— Susan informs me you have commenc'd business, I should suppose such a capitol as N. York, would present many facilities, for the successful pursuit of trade by an industrious and enterprising man, one who had an attachment to the place and was thoroughly imbued with the necessity of economy & prudence the great bane of success is the large and sometimes indiscriminate credits that are extended to dealers — this is a subject however you are no doubt thoroughly conversant with, and I think it probable what I may say will have a little the air of old fogyism, but you know Horatio I have arrived at that respectable age in life (the "sere and yellow leaf") when an old man like Gobbo in the play "will be talking" —— I was reading very recently in some Atlantic paper, that there exists a kind of Stellated fish, very destructive to the oysters by inserting one of their sharp points into the Shell, and in that way destroying its vitality — is there no method to be devised by Yankee ingenuity by which this calamity may be averted, my appetite is not very fastidious, and yet I should look upon it as a very severe affliction to a large and respectable number of the Genus Homo to be deprived of this inestimable luxury, some popular writer gives a discription of a battle between the Frogs and the Mice, my feelings would be rather dormant here, but let there be a contest between the Star fish and the oyster and what an Ocean of Sympathy I should extend to the abused and innocent bivalve

But I must close, I ought to have written more about this country, than about some things I find in the letter, but its no matter, I

know I have indulgent auditors in you and
my dear Emma and little Blanch
and if the faults were still greater they
would readily command a corresponding
measure of forgiveness, hoping you will
write to me I remain very sincerely

Yours &

B. Baldwin

When you write to Colin or Lemuel
don't forget that I send my kind
regards and best wishes from this
distant region

Benj Baldwin
Sept 5th/58

Phil June 10th/62

Dear Cousin

I received your letter of the 3rd. I was pleased to hear from you. I have been waiting to hear from Mr Simpson Mary had a letter written on the 30th he was then very sick. he is with McDowells Division at Fredericksburg. or below. on the River he is 1st Lieutenant in Battery A 1st Penn Artillery. Captain Easton. this Division has been held as a Reserve we received a telh Despatch on Sunday. that he would be home on Sunday night. Ben went to meet him. he come home sick he has a furlough for 2 weeks. he has the Fever and Augue. it is a fortune he

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get him to be taken ~~ove~~ off
the Battery C he was formaly
Captn of, was in the Battle
~~below~~ Below Richmond —
Brother Frank is at Nashvill
he is in the Commisary's Officer
with the rank of Captain —
his Son is with him. the
Youngest one. Lowame
he writes to Ben. ~~he say~~
he says he is issuing Clerk".
Ben says he holds the Hay
on the Pitchfork while
the Soldiers count ~~them~~ the Straws.
he expects to get a Commision
in the Army. and he is not
16. Fast Boy. faster than
mine. Lemuel call'd
to see us on Saturday. he has
the Rhumatism. he says
he is getting better—
Love to Cousin Emma and Blanch.

I hope they
are well. you do not mention
them in your letter. Blanch
must be quit a big girl—
we do not hear anything from
Uncle Ben for 2 years—
Something must have happened
to him or Aunt Mary—or they
have *cut* us altogether.
I. Hatty and Lizze Ashbrook
have all written but no answer
I have such a bad Pen and
I am so often interrupted. I find
this a sorry looking letter.
you will excuse me I know
My love to Cousin Emma
and Blanch. and if you are
not getting *rich now*. I hope
you soon will be. you
have my best wishes for
success in Business
Pataint waiting no loss—
ever yours F. Olden
320 South 2nd Street

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my dear Emma and little Blanch
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Susan Olden

Ebenezar Church Hospital,
4th Street nr. G. East,
Washington D. C.
Oct 1st 1862.

Dear Mr. Baldwin,

It was with great pleasure and delight in receiving your letter, and cannot be to greatful for the kindness appeared in your letter, but it is very hard for me to write at present, but I have got a friend to write for me, with being very weak ~~in my back~~, ~~with lying~~ owing to the Doctors thinking of been able to save my Foot, my wound is not very forward upon account of my weakness, in the warm wheather, and hopes to be around before a great while. My Cousin John Wilson who resides in Washington whose connected with the Post Office comes to see me nearly

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long day and does all he can for me,
he brings me delicacies &c, and reading
matter, and is very kind to me indeed.

I am expecting a visit from Mr William Hollingshead sometime this week and he sent on word that he was coming on to Washington and he would call and see me, hope that he will come. I have received about 100 hundred letters of which I have only been able to reply to my Mothers and yourself — at present. I am sorry that I cannot say much more at present,

Give my best love to Cousin Emma and Blanche, and take a Bushel for yourself. Good by and write soon — and

I remain
Yours
Allen N. Wilson.

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Allen Wilson
Oct 1st 1842

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Charles Lamb, you remember, in his charming little paper "Dream Children," drops asleep and fancies that he is surrounded by his own little ones. They gather around him to hear stories of their great grandmother and their good uncle, and with all a father's pride, he reviews the story of the past, while the children listen eagerly to his tales of "once upon a time".

But his reverie is disturbed. The industrious Bridget, bustling about, awakens him and the dear little children that, in his dream he had fondly imagined his own—and *hers* —the children of his beloved sweetheart, Alice, call some one else "father". '*We* are nothing, less than nothing— they say dreams! *We* are only what *might have been*." And

Elia awakes to the lonely reality of a bachelor's quarters and finds he has been wandering in Fancy's land.

But, after all, isn't this land of dreams, this "fool's paradise", if you will, a very *real* world? Are not our illusions often more than unsubstantial shadows? And are we not the happier for cherishing them even if they must vanish with the firelight?

Do we not all recall the days when a fairy was the most delightful of companions? It never puzzled us that she could appear and disappear at will; we never asked where she came from or tried to account for her. We never stopped to question all the impossible flights of the Ariels and Pucks with their gossamer wings — Ah, they were more real to us than our own little flesh and blood playmates. Even the giants with two heads who put naughty boys and girls in their pockets, hid them in ovens or gobbled them up, were *more* than a delusion and a snare. How delighted we were when some knight, with his trusty sword cut off their heads. We did not laugh with cruel glee because we knew that somebody would come to put them on again and the *poor* giant would have been punished for harming helpless little girls and boys.

And the trees —— do we not remember the time when we thought their tops touched the sky? That was a childish ignorance, Hood says, but it was little joy to him to find himself, as he grew older, less near to heaven than when he was a boy.

Innocent illusions,—true; but who would exchange, if he could help it, these fancies for the maturer, wiser view of our later years. Who would exchange, if it were not inevitable, the "childish ignorance" for the "hard" facts. Who does not regret that the shades of the prison house must shut out the heaven of our infancy.

But, my dear girls, you have not given up your illusions, I know. You have but exchanged the fairies, the dwarfs and the giants for other cherished fancies. Each of you, I know, has her dream and would not be awakened. Your dream children, like Lamb's Alice and her little brother may be shadowy phantoms, but, after all, they are very *real* companions — and it always makes me sad to think of Elia's rude awakening to that lonely bachelor's hearth and the burnt out ashes in the grate.

And so, if you will allow me for a moment to play the role of Mentor, my message to you, dear girls, on this your reunion day is that you may still hold fast to all the dreams of childhood — that you may still love your childish idols and cherish your faith in all that is fresh and innocent — that in spite of all you may have to disturb and distract you, you may keep your "Childish ignorance" so that you may have, now and then, those glimpses that Wordsworth says "will make us less forlorn".